

public, might long before have lodged McGonagall in State Prison.

Yeo was a son of Joseph Yeo, an industrialist, who lived at 374 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. He has three other sons—Fred, who is an electrician and works for his father, Ernest, who is a music printer and works for Hiltchcock at 383 Sixth avenue, and another son who is in England.

Up to a year or so ago Arthur Yeo also worked for and lived with his father. Then they had a disagreement, and he separated. Arthur is going to work for a contractor on Fulton street. In October last Arthur married Anne Scott, a servant in the employ of Dr. Dale.



WHERE MCGONAGALL WAS ARRESTED.

They moved to 2181 Eighth avenue, where Arthur also opened a shop, besides working at contractors. He lived in Fred and Ernest at board, while Fred worked in his shop.

Two years ago, when working for Dr. McGonagall, Arthur Yeo went to Costa Rica on the doctor's representation that there was plenty of gold and silver there, and that it was a good place to get rich. This is the story told by Dr. Yeo, the father, to an *Evening World* reporter this morning:

"I didn't want Arthur to go, but he was crazy over it, and so I gave him the money to go with."

"He was there only three weeks when he caught the fever and never got rid of it until his death."

"I saw my son occasionally after he was married, but not often. I never saw his wife and didn't know he was married until long afterwards. Through my sons, who lived with him, I learned that his fever and ague was bothering him more than ever, and that Dr. McGonagall and Dr. Dale were treating him, and that they were constantly dosing him with morphia."

"The next I knew he was dead, and his wife never sent me word of it, nor did Dr. McGonagall nor Dr. Dale. They said he had died from testing currents by touching electric wires to his tongue. Why, it's the very worst nonsense. It never hurt him a bit. I've done thousands of tests like that, and here he is dead. I illustrated his remarks by playing two wires, attached to a small battery, to his tongue."

"Then I remembered about the morphia. I went to the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Police Station and told the officers my suspicions that my boy had been poisoned by McGonagall."

"They sent me to Coroner Schultz, who said he could not unless I could swear myself to something."

"Then I went to Dr. J. A. Carpenter, the druggist, at Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-third street, who told me to examine my dead son's tongue, and here I found them black it was a sure sign of morphia poisoning."

"I did not find them black as ink, but I could find nothing further and could do nothing about it."

"He did not die until he became suspicious and opened one of them one day, when he found it contained the body of a prematurely born child."

ARMA MCGONAGALL WOULD KILL HIM.

"Although my son was afraid of McGonagall," continued Mr. Yeo, "the old man had a wonderful influence over him, and stuck to him through thick and thin. I never could understand why McGonagall wanted my son to go to Costa Rica, unless it was to get him out of the country so he could not tell what he knew."

"My boy quarrelled with the old doctor once, and then threatened to tell the police all he knew, but McGonagall talked to him and soon he was right again and as completely under the doctor's thumb and had over money out of the country so he could not tell what he knew."

"When Arthur came back from Costa Rica with the fever I sent him to the hospital, but he didn't stay there. He insisted on having McGonagall treat him, but he told me several times that McGonagall's medicine didn't seem to help him any, and he was afraid it would shorten his life."

"It is my honest belief that McGonagall actually made my boy insane by giving him morphia, and that he slowly poisoned him to death with the drug. I can conceive of two motives for his getting my son out of the way: one that he knew too much, and the other that he wanted to get rid of him and the old doctor wanted to."

CONCORATED BY A BROTHER.

Fred Yeo, brother of the dead electrician, substantiated his father's story and gave direct testimony to the fact that his brother was dosed with morphia. He said:

"I left my brother alone a week before he died because of a quarrel over money matters, but up to that time I knew that for two or three weeks, and three or four times a day, my brother's wife gave him morphia powders by the order of Dr. McGonagall. She told me that the doctor said it was necessary for him to take them to ease the pain from his convulsions, but I believe they had given him so much that the want of them made him suffer."

"As soon as he would take a powder he would go to sleep, and when he woke up again they would give him another powder. Sometimes he would refuse to take them or the other doctors would not let him take them, and then his wife would say:

"Well, if you don't take it, you won't get well. The doctor says you must take it."

"One day he told me he was afraid McGonagall was killing him. I asked him why he didn't get another doctor, but his wife would not let him do that."

"He was killed by another doctor who was called in by Dr. McGonagall. Dr. Dale would have anything to do with him again."

"Dr. McGonagall used to come to see my brother almost every day, and sometimes Dr. Dale came with him, and after they would talk together for half an hour, Dr. McGonagall would tell me to tell anybody who was or that was a doctor, but simply to say that he was a friend of Mr. Yeo."

"When McGonagall was in the Tombs Arthur used to visit him, and Arthur and I was circularly present for the doctor, asking him old patients to patronize by him. When he got out of jail Dr. McGonagall and his wife went to live with Dr. Dale in a house on West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, near Park avenue."

"Two or three months ago they all moved to 251 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street."

THE FATHER'S STORY.

"I didn't want Arthur to go, but he was crazy over it, and so I gave him the money to go with."

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street, where they lived with Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, who are related to McGonagall, I think.

"I didn't see my brother for three days before he died, and his wife never would tell me who was with him when he died. She even forbade me to come to the funeral, and she said he was to be buried Tuesday, when he was, in fact, buried Monday. My brother Ernest and I found it out, though, and went to the cemetery, where we met the hearse coming out. Dr. McGonagall, Dr. Dale and Mrs. Yeo went to the cemetery in a hack alone."

"Mrs. Yeo told me that Dr. Dale said she signed the death certificate because if McGonagall did so the papers would get on to it and it might hurt his case in the courts."

Dr. J. A. Carpenter, who the elder Yeo consulted, told an *Evening World* reporter this morning that blackened finger nails after death was a sure test of morphia poisoning, and he added that morphia was not used as a remedy for fever and ague by physicians. He knew nothing about Yeo's case, but he did not believe his death could have been caused by his testing light electric currents, as claimed by Dr. Dale.

WHAT CORONER SCHULTZ KNOWS OF IT.

Coroner Schultz said this morning to an *Evening World* reporter that young Yeo's death was not reported to him as a coroner's case.

"My house Yeo," said the coroner, "came to my house one rainy morning in the latter part of June. He was very much excited and told me that his son, who was living on Eighth avenue, was dead, and that he was refused permission to see the body. He had had a falling out with the young man, and had not seen him for some time."

Dr. Dale's HOME.

"He said further that a doctor had been attending the young man, but he did not say whether there was anything suspicious about the death."

"I asked him if he would make a complaint or a charge against the son's wife for refusing to allow him to see the body, and he would not, he merely wanted me to compel the widow to let him look at the body and I took compassion on the old man. I wrote a note to the widow, saying that under the circumstances it would be good policy to permit the father to view the body."

"Mr. Yeo then went away, and I have not seen or heard of him since. I understand there was a regular death certificate in the case which was passed by the Health Department."

CORONER'S OFFICE WAS NOT NOTIFIED.

The certificate of young Yeo's death was filed with the Health Department June 27, in the case of death occurred on the preceding day, and the cause was given as ague, due to electric current applied to the tongue in the course of experiments."

Dr. John T. Nangle, the Registrar of Vital Statistics in the Health Department, said this morning that when the certificate came to the office he was not at all suspicious, and sent it to the coroner's office for investigation.

At the coroner's office it was denied that any such case was ever reported to be investigated by the coroner.

Miss Dale is Sick in Jail.

LONG ISLAND CITY, July 28.—The sheriff's office here was besieged by people this morning, among them being many women, who begged for just one glance at the unfortunate woman, who had been confined in the jail for some time.

The announcement finally became unendurable and a deputy was stationed at the door, with instructions to admit no one except on business with the sheriff.

Coroner Melners said to an *Evening World* reporter this morning that he had very strong reasons for doubting the statement of Miss Dale that she was a graduate of the New York Medical College.

"I am investigating the matter," he said, "to obtain evidence to use against her at the inquest. She has, I am led to believe, a rather unsavory record, and I will have something to say to her character when the time comes."

Miss Dale was apparently prostrated this morning. It was said at the jail, and moved pitifully as if in great distress. She refused the offer of the sheriff to call a physician, however, saying that she could minister to her own needs.

She was still in bed at noon, with her hair swathed in bandages. Her eyes were bloodshot and swollen, the sheriff said, as if from excessive weeping. She trembled every time the sheriff approached, and spoke only when spoken to.

McGonagall is pointed on the top floor, with almost constantly recurring, with a strong, long outburst of profanity from the aged lips. He stuck up his nose at the dinner served from the regular prison fare, but he ate it nevertheless with apparent relish.

None is permitted to see any of the prisoners or to communicate with them in any way except the sheriff and the coroner.

The funeral of Mrs. Webb, McGonagall's alleged victim, was held at 11 o'clock this afternoon, and the body was interred in Union cemetery. Rev. W. H. Weeks, pastor of St. Thomas's Reformed church, of Haverhill, officiated.

Bay City Asks Assistance.

RAY CITY, Mich., July 28.—The Relief committee finds that the extent of the suffering among the victims of Monday's fire is so great that the relief committee will have to be organized. Two hundred and sixty families, everything and are in a very destitute condition.

A Railroad Warehouse Burned.

CAMDEN, N. J., July 27.—The warehouse of the Atlantic City Railroad company, on Fulton street, was burned this afternoon. The loss is estimated at between \$10,000 and \$15,000. The fire is supposed to have been caused by a cigarette.

Whitehead Will Attend.

CHICAGO, July 28.—Whitehead has accepted the invitation of the Illinois Republican State Central committee to attend the convention of League clubs at Springfield, Ill., Aug. 10.

You'll Be Sorry If You Don't Read This.

Read the WOMAN'S PAGE, printed daily in the MORNING WORLD. And don't forget the SUMMER RESORT PAGE.

## THEIR MONEY READY.

But No More Interest to Be Paid on Homesteaders' Savings.

Carnegie Mills at Pittsburg Now Closely Guarded by Police.

Prospects for a Compulsory Stopping of Work at Haddock.

Inspector Steers Says that for That Reason He Won't Arrest Her.

Emma Goldman, the friend of Anarchists, Berkman and Molok, and a supposed conspirator in the plot to kill H. C. Frick, of Pittsburg, is still at liberty.

Before she was discovered by reporters the police claimed they were looking for her and would arrest her as soon as she was found. Now, Miss Goldman is seemingly courting arrest, but the police will not grant her desire for free bond and lodging.

Miss Goldman was not at her boarding place, at 340 Fifth street, this morning. Mrs. Molok stated she was not far away, and it was thought she would appear at 2300 Groeben Street's saloon, at 2300 Fifth street.

It was from this saloon last night that the reporters, who were interviewing Miss Goldman, were unceremoniously thrown out by a score of long-haired, uncouth law-layers.

Miss Goldman viewed the ejection from her seat of honor near a beer table, and appeared to be of her usual cheerful disposition by rapping the table with a beer mug.

The proprietors of the saloon are Michael Kreichman and a man named Salok. The saloon extends through two large, dingy rooms, filled with dirty tables and heavy chairs. The walls are decorated with Anarchist posters, big, red-lettered posters, and two pictures of departed heroes. There were only a few in the den this morning, and it was said Miss Goldman had not been there since last night.

Her name excited the interest of all, and it was plain that among them she reigns as queen. Her word is law. She has conquered all by her wit, her naughtiness or her diplomatic distribution among the men who want to see her.

One of her friends seen in the saloon this morning gave his name as Frank Kreidler. He could talk good English and seemed to be fairly intelligent.

"Are you a lover or simply a friend of Miss Goldman?" he was asked.

He only smiled in reply, and then commenced a long story about the superior accomplishments of the fair queen.

"She is a good Anarchist," he said, "and would give her life to save Berkman. She wants to be arrested because that would get sympathy for Berkman, and he would get a lighter punishment. Emma loves Berkman and wants to go to Pittsburg, but she wants to be arrested first so she can be in the name jail."

This view is also held by the police officials. They believe the Goldman woman is after notoriety, and would like to be a martyr. She is looked upon as another Jew Parsons. Chief Inspector Steers said this morning she would not be arrested today, and possibly not at all.

"There is too much talk about these Anarchists for the good of the country," said the Inspector. "Newspaper notoriety is just what they want. They think they are martyrs, and the more they are opposed the more they are."

"There will be no arrests made today. Future developments depend on what can be got out of the prisoners in Pittsburg."

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He has concluded that the plot must be traced in Pittsburg, and will take charge of that work himself.

It has been found that the Anarchists are stronger in Western Pennsylvania than was at first supposed. They hold meetings frequently, and during June John Most, spent two weeks in the organization of Anarchists in Allegheny and the South side, Pittsburg.

In his paper of June 25, he described the work he did and says the *Freiheit* has a circulation of 300 and 1,000 readers among Western Pennsylvania Anarchists.

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These two men can tell all about the movements of Anarchist kind with Berkman on Saturday, and it is believed that their testimony will have the effect of making Berkman's former landlord weaken and tell all he knows.

There is a great deal of excitement among the local Anarchists over the arrest of Hunter and Wampole. They dare not discuss the matter openly, but the police have information that the various leaders are greatly perturbed and that one or two members of the South side group have temporarily disappeared.

The police are now satisfied that Berkman had made every arrangement to escape, that his intention was to go to Allegheny and remain in hiding with Knoll until it was paid for him to attempt to get out of the country.

More than this, the detectives who have been working on the case since the arrest are of the belief that at least three or four other persons were bound to follow him. They were in the vicinity of Mr. Frick's office when the shooting and stabbing occurred.

They believe that these men watched Berkman enter the office, waited until they heard the report of the revolver, and then mingling with the crowd eluded observation and escaped.

WAS THIS BERKMAN, TO?

One Orwitt, who Was in Carro, Answers the Description.

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